

hiccough continued until death took place. The day before that event a fearful tempest threatened to destroy everything about Long wood.<sup>1</sup> The plantations were torn up by the roots, and it was particularly remarked that a willow, under which Napoleon usually sat to enjoy the fresh air, had fallen. "It seemed," says Antommarchi, "as if none of the things the Emperor valued were to survive him." On the day of his death Madame Bertrand, who had not left his bedside, sent for her children to take a last farewell of Napoleon. The scene which ensued was affecting : the children ran to the bed, kissed the hands of Napoleon, and covered them with tears. One of the children fainted and all had to be carried from the spot. "We all," says Antommarchi, "mixed our lamentations with theirs: we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated." The favorite valet, Noverraz, who had been for some time very ill, when he heard of the state in which Napoleon was, caused himself to be carried downstairs, and entered the apartment in tears. He was with great difficulty prevailed upon to leave the room: he was in a delirious state, and he fancied his master was threatened with danger, and was calling upon him for assistance : he said he would not leave him but would fight and die for him. But Napoleon was now insensible to the tears of his servants; he had scarcely spoken for two days; early in the morning he articulated a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable were, '*tete d'armee*,' the last that ever left his lips, and which indicated the tenor of his fancies. The day passed in convulsive movements and low meanings, with occasionally a loud shriek, and the dismal scene closed just before six in the evening. A slight froth covered his lips, and he was no more.

After lie had been dead about six hours Antommarchi had the body carefully washed and laid out on another bed. The executors then proceeded to examine two codicils which were

\* " . . . Heaven his groat soul does  
claim In storms, as loud as his  
immortal fame: His dying groans, his  
last breath shakes our isle."  
WALLER, *Upon the death of the Lord Protector*: